



BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

The calm moon smiled—he looked  
so weird;  
The old pine wagged its frosty beard.

He reached the Squire's at midnight,  
And gaily entered in.

Before the fire a cricket choir  
Sang to the violin;  
But when they saw the goblin, they  
All dropped their bows and swooned  
away!

Jack Frost, who stood there sketching  
Upon the window-pane  
Some pictures white for day's delight,  
Became as limp as rain;  
And all his drawings looked like O's,  
Or like the goblin's funny nose!

While Santa Claus, who entered  
Just then the chimney way,  
Spilled half his pack, and cried, "Alack!"  
And three small mice in gray,  
Who danced a measure on the floor,  
Fled, squeaking, by a private door!

The maid woke screaming from her sleep—  
Such frightful dreams had she;  
The watch-dogs howled, the poodle growled,  
The parrot croaked "Dear me!"

THERE was a funny goblin  
Who lived in the wood lane.  
He goggles wore, and, though three-score,  
Quite bald and sadly plain,  
And not as nimble in his mind  
As many a goblin one might find.  
Much pleased with his own person  
And his own wit was he;  
And so he said, with lofty head:  
"It would not Christmas be  
Without *me* in the town to-night  
To make the merry hours more bright!  
"And though at home they'll miss me,  
Unto the Squire's I'll speed,  
To fill folk's dreams with magic gleams,  
And in the dance to lead.  
My presence always lends a grace  
To holidays, in any place."  
He rode a lop-eared rabbit;  
He wore a coat of red;  
His peaked hat this way and that  
Bobbed when he moved his head.

The elves all up the chimney fled;  
A spider, spinning, dropped her thread!

The noise awoke Grimalkin,  
So wise and fierce and black,  
Who, with a cry both loud and high,  
Sprang at the goblin's back!  
Home for his life the goblin flew;  
Puss following — the watch-dog, too.

"I did my duty nobly,"  
Next morn the goblin said.  
"I made a great sensation,  
And every rival fled!  
You should have heard the wild applause!  
Why, no one thought of Santa Claus!"

Then an old crow, who calmly  
Was practising a caw  
To aid the Christmas music,  
Blinked twice, and said, "Haw-haw!"



"HOME FOR HIS LIFE THE GOBLIN FLEW."

The more conceited people grow,  
The less they please—the less they know!"



"HE RODE A LOP-EARED RABBIT."